



AS JOB JOLT SEES IT

Clipping dead wood out of the fruit trees and out of our character always pays.

Cy Cymbal's promises and Bill Bangs' prophecies appear to be hot air of the same quality.

Samantha Sawyer says the average man thinks that he is the master of the house when he isn't.

Joe Jagson gives notice that old cider is not a Bible beverage, if Parson Pokeberry does stimulate pious thoughts with it.

Deacon Dill's crop of righteous indignation is always large. If his field crops averaged as high and regular he would be the master farmer of the town.

These cows that make great milk records are fed on something besides English hay, bran and shorts.

I like the man who trains a colt or a dog better than the man who breaks them. A creature that moves from fear can never be dependable.

I can't tell why the man who is able to own an automobile should think that the Golden Rule was not intended for him.

Phil Felch didn't know that a savings bank was a safer place to keep money in than a hole in the chimney until the hole bankrupted him.

A busy hen is not at home to callers in the morning. Duty first and pleasure afterwards is her motto.

A poor cow on the farm is like a poor relation that cannot be expected to pay his way.

The farmer whose cows only look clean in the spring after they have shed their hair isn't likely to have first class milk to sell.

The farmer who speaks gently to his animals and harshly to his wife is the filibuster I never can get any respect for.

The abandoned farms of 25 years ago are forest lands now and are no longer listed as anything but wild lands.

A farmer who sold a hog under contract at wholesale and reserved for himself the hams and shoulders, was charged the retail price, and he owed the butcher \$1.85 when the transaction was closed. Look out how you do things.

That Maine farmer who bought a farm of 35 acres for \$100 ten years ago and sold \$3,000 worth of fruit from it in 1910, was not a Sam Snodgrass.

Gazing at the sheep industry here in New England gives no hint that the sheep of the world have been increased \$1,000,000 since 1871. The goats are more than likely keeping up in the race.

An Illinois woman is said to have made \$12,000 last year from her dairy and Sarah says we must keep more cows to get rich; but I'm of the opinion a herd of 60 would bankrupt us.

The Missouri orchardist who sold a barrel of big red apples at \$7.50, a little over 25 cents apiece, got fancy prices. Few farmers ever meet the conditions under which a thing like this can be done.

THE SOCIAL CORNER

THREE PRIZES MONTHLY: \$2.50 to first; \$1.50 to second; \$1.00 to third. Award made the last Saturday in each month.

EVERY WOMAN'S OPPORTUNITY.

The Bulletin wants good home letters, good business letters; good helpful letters of any kind the mind may suggest. They should be in hand by Wednesday of each week. Write on but one side of the paper.

Address, SOCIAL CORNER EDITOR, Bulletin Office, Norwich, Conn.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS AND KIND WISHES.

"Arcturus" of Brooklyn, taker of the second prize for April, writes: "Check received for \$1.50 you kindly offered for second prize. I thank you very much. I am much pleased with all the material in the Social Corner and am much interested in the new department. Shall try to send something to help as often as I can."

"Rural Delivery" of Killbuck, a gentleman who has interested himself in the Social Corner writes: "Thinking the Social Corner would be a great thing for the rural districts as well as others, I have tried to help make it a success. The Social Corner is gaining a large circle of friends every week, and without doubt will be the means of adding more names to your subscription list in the future."

Wishing the Social Corner a grand success, I remain, very truly yours, etc.

This kindly, well-wishing spirit is very pleasing to The Bulletin.

Good Cheer and Good Poppers.

Editor Social Corner: Please let me come into the Social Corner long enough to say three cheers for the farmer who wrote The Farmer's Talk to Farmers that appeared in The Bulletin of April 23d. I hope the Social Corner will continue to be a source of good news and good cheer to all who read it.

Yes, there are lots of good men and women, and lots of new and beautiful things in the world today, and I wish we could all cultivate a desire to find the good and beautiful and omit the bad, unless we can make it better. It is an old and true saying that we find what we look for in this world. We all make enough mistakes so that our spare time may well be spent correcting them, and then we will have a better world to live in. Let us not be cynical, knowing that each one of us has a certain power over others, and it will go at least a little ways toward doing away with cynicism.

When the Social Corner sisters want something nice for luncheon, try my popovers. One is of four one cup of milk, one-fourth teaspoon of salt, two eggs. Put the flour and salt into a bowl, add the eggs, beaten, and add the milk, gradually, beating well. Pour into heated, greased muffin pans and bake one-half hour in a hot oven.

APPLE BLOSSOM.

Colchester.

Some Folks Have Considerable to Say.

Editor Social Corner: I had a brown spaniel named Mollie. She caught fourteen pullets in twenty minutes and never broke a feather, for a party who was with me when she did it. He pointed out the pullets he wished and I said: "Mollie, get it."

I now have a yellow spaniel, Dill. Dill caught a dog this month, and he will not take any food from anyone but me or mind anyone but me. I have a bat-eared, Boston bull, yellow brindle, and a very old, very intelligent, and for mischief and real grit she cannot be eclipsed. I call her Altah.

I also have a very pretty old-colored Angora cat, Jupiter, and a white cat named Solon.

I had a gray and white dog I called Cloud. He was a shepherd. I read in my paper, The Bulletin, about naming dogs. I have named mine considerably, and I am no exception to the rule.

J. E. T.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

"Chanticleer" is to be produced in London the latter part of June.

James T. Powers may use "Havana" for a third season, owing to his success in the piece.

Vesta Victoria has arrived for a western tour in this country. Later she will appear in the east.

The Liebler company will soon produce the new version of Hall Caine's latest novel, "The White Prophet."

Henry W. Savage has engaged Lionel Lincoln for the original role in "Florist's Shop," to be brought out next season as a musical comedy.

Edgar Selwyn, who will star next season under the management of Henry B. Harris, in "The Scarecrow," is the husband of Margaret Mayo, author of "Polly of the Circus" and other success.

Eddie Foy will be the feature of the cast which the Shuberts have engaged for their summer review, "Up and Down Broadway," that will be presented at the Casino theater, New York, after "The Chocolate Soldier" ends its run.

Vaudeville patrons do not want pastels, they want impressive pictures painted with the greatest splendor of color. In this they have been satisfied at the Colonial theater, New York, this week by Julius Steger in a one-act drama, "The Way to the Heart."

One of the great names in modern music is Edward Elgar, ranking with Strauss and Debussy, the first Englishman since the Elizabethan age to be accredited a genius. His dream of Gerontius was declared by the late Theodore Thomas to be the greatest work since "Parsifal."

Lottie Collins, formerly a well-known music hall artist, died Sunday in London of heart disease. Miss Collins, a favorite in the English music hall, and later on the continent and in America, danced and sang herself into fame with the ditty, "Ta-ra-boom-de-ay." The song was credited to Charles Blake, formerly a resident of Brookline, Mass.

The Review says: "The amount of money paid Mr. Hammerstein for the rights to his play, 'The Sign of the Cross,' with singers, rights to operate works, scenery, properties, good will, etc., was about \$1,000,000 instead of \$2,000,000, as was first announced."

Justice Hughes.

Mr. Hughes may serve 22 years on the supreme court bench before he reaches the retiring age of 70. If he continues after that as long as Chief Justice Fuller and Justice Harlan he will serve 30 years. Fuller and Harlan have both intimated that they will not retire except by death. They are each 77 years old. The question whether Gov. Hughes has a promise of appointment to the chief justiceship when Justice Fuller retires is not important. Such an agreement is not in character with either President Taft or Gov. Hughes. No such pledge is likely to have been made. Usually a chief justice is appointed from outside the court. It requires more difficult negotiation to promote a member of the court and appoint an associate justice to succeed the man promoted than it does to create a new chief justice out of original material.

—Waterbury American.

The use or waste of lumber in this country is ten times as great, per capita, as that of France.

THE FARMER'S TALK TO FARMERS

This Phenomenal Spring—We have been Favored while the West and South have Not—The Philosophy of Good Cheer—Ignorance Gives Us the Dumps—Intelligence Rolls Our Burdens Off—Whatever Is May Be Best.

(Written Specially for The Bulletin.)

Most of us farmers are acquainted with grief—agricultural grief. We don't have to wait for the newspapers to find out things that are the matter with us and our crops. We know several volumes of trouble before the mail reporter gets round to nose it out and print it. Some of us are veritable tanks of tears—always full and running over. We don't have to be tapped to start the flow—any one needs to do so to point a finger at us and we break out into a perspiration and exudation and precipitation of woe. The weather ain't right, or the seed ain't good, or the ground's too cold, or the sun's too hot, or a horse goes lame, or a cow gets sick, or the hens lay the run, or the price of eggs goes down—or something else.

It's merry hades to pay all the time, and to pitch hot, with a great many of us. We get so used to brooding over our mishaps and losses that we end by nourishing them into blackamecocks for enough to frighten us. The result is that we—many of us, that is—get into a state of perpetual misgiving. We're all the time dreading tomorrow, never looking over our shoulders to see if some new bogie isn't chasing us; growing stooped-shouldered under the weight of the misfortune, and we're going to have. Thus we help eclipse the gaiety of nations—to say nothing about making our lives dreary and everybody else uncomfortable.

It's been sort of stay-in-doors weather with me, and I've been reading the papers, some fresh ones and some a little staler. Say, when we farmers of New England read about that end-of-April snowstorm and freeze-up through the west and east, it strikes me that it's a mighty good time for us to stop our sniveling and sing a song of thankfulness to the good Lord for his mercy in making an exception in our favor!

I read of snow and ice in Chicago and St. Louis, and of a blizzard breaking down the fruit trees which were even then in blossom; of \$30,000,000 damage done to fruit and vegetables in the states of Iowa, Kansas, in Texas, and of the young cotton in Georgia being frozen in and killed. Then I go out and look at my asparagus bed coming up with thick, sturdy stalks, and I feel like a man who has been hurt by freezing, and my green peas ready to bush and unyielded by frost, and my onions and spinach and lettuce and beets and carrots and turnips already past their first cultivation, and my early potatoes pricking the rows. I even hear of one ambitious farmer—somebody who's been growing corn for almost three weeks. Suppose that back-lash of old winter which struck the west and south during later April had come over here? Eh? What would we have been? Are we mighty lucky fellows, or aren't we?

Of course, we're sorry for those who lost. But it isn't within ordinary human experience that anybody can be quite so sorry for the other fellow's bad luck as for his own. I suppose these people who lost and downed are sincerely glad that we didn't get the dose which poisoned them. But, again, it isn't within common human experience that they can be half so glad of it as we are—or ought to be. What I'm thinking, these days, and what I want to suggest to my brother farmers of Connecticut is that we're being treated very kindly, in comparison with some others. Also, that it's just as easy to grin when we get a good thing as it is to whine when we get a whip cut. Furthermore, likewise, and in addition thereto, that it is a mighty mean dispositioned horse which lays up against his master an occasional whipping, but is never grateful for the semi-daily oats poured before it by the same hand.

I think you'll agree with me that we've got no kick coming! This time, now please go a little further. Remember that all life is a series of ups and downs, and that good luck and bad luck, a sort of tandem of pleasure and pain, and that it is neither fair nor decent to expect that the other fellow should lose all the time and we profit all the time, or, as in our school training in simple arithmetic we were taught when we go "dot and carry one," so we can afford to dot down the memory of this present streak of good luck and carry it over to be set down when the next cloud comes along with its shadow of misfortune.

We shall catch it, sometime, without doubt. We are no more frost-exempt than we are tax-exempt. Then, when we do, let's remember that we've got an amazing good fortune, and take the compensating evil uncomplainingly. I tell you, farmer, ain't what it used to be! Uncle John is a good deal better off than he was a few years ago.

"Why, we used to have hot pie for breakfast every mornin' when I was a boy, and cold pie for dinner and supper, and I guess he's about right there. The most of us can't have, or at least don't have pie for breakfast and pie for dinner and

pie for supper. Take it on the whole, perhaps we do just about as well on corned beef and cabbage and potatoes with meat gravy.

The other day I had planned to do a certain bit of planting; had the ground and seed all ready. When I got up, it was black and overcast; got it set in to rain. All day it drizzled, just enough to keep things sticky and nasty and prevent working the dirt. As I loafed about, watching the leaden dullness of the lowering sky and noting impatiently how laggardly the hours were passing, I began to get low-spirited. I felt my watch-case—over half-past ten, and it seemed as if I had been already a week waiting for the rain to stop and the clouds to roll away. The world began to get black and the future blue. So I yanked a shingle out of the bunch and began to tally down what I could remember of the spring weather. I found at last, that of the thirty-seven week days I could recall, immediately past, we had been able to work comfortably on thirty. Thirty thirty-sevenths of the weather had been good. Surely that was nothing to get unhappy about.

Then came the thought: "Why the other fellow's good luck—perhaps a deal better than those we called good. Look at this rain; the ground was getting dry; now it is being irrigated for us. I don't see how I can be so croaky. My crops are getting well to them ten times more good than I could do with all my tools and seeds if I had been kept on grain and corn-patch." About that time the world began to look real rosy once more. The clouds kept on dripping, and the wind kept on sighing, and the leaves-tremors kept on rustling. But I appreciated, all of a sudden, that the whole show was for my benefit, and that I was a lucky farmer, once more. And then, when I threw the shingle down and looked at my watch, it was dinner time. I felt still better after dinner—I generally do, don't you?—and took the afternoon to read up some back papers, get a nice little nap or two, in between, and generally idle about as lazily as if I had four hundred and eighty million dollars, and a bank to keep them in.

Indeed, it often happens that the very thing we dread and fight against turns out to be just what we need. I have been just the best thing that could have happened. People used to think that the worse medicine tasted and smelled the better it was; the more good it would do. We've got over that idea, but we still have to take some that isn't as nice as candy. We endure the bitter for the sake of the improvement which hope for. The surgeon's knife hurts but it hurts to heal, and the pain is simply an accompaniment of a blessing. We often fail to get what we want and we often get what we don't want. Before we set about denouncing the universe for these apparent misdeeds, it might be well to ask whether that "want" of ours was right or not. The mere fact that I want something doesn't make it the best thing for me to have. The fact that I most emphatically don't want something else doesn't eliminate wholly the likelihood that it may be the very best of all possible things for me. I don't know all the secrets of the universe, you don't know them; no one knows them. We don't even know all the whys and wherefores of ourselves, physical, mental and spiritual. We see part of the checker-board of life, but we're never wholly sure whether the game is played according to the rules of checkers or of chess. Nor do we know all the rules of the game. There are quite a few moves that we aren't up to, yet.

When we do strike it rich and jolly, why, there's the time to look pleased and talk happy. When it strikes us the other way and all the forces of nature seem to be playing mean tricks upon us, why, there's the time to look pleased and talk happy. For, considering all things, the past with the present and the general trend of the world and of nature, there is an exceeding strong probability that the thing we don't want but are getting is the very thing we ought to want, and that we know as much about everything as we think we know about some things. It makes a big difference whether you think of the world as a great big chaos, a sort of scrap-heap, an ill-judged junk-shop, or as an orderly engine, being driven to a glorious final arrival along absolutely straight tracks. There's a tremendous difference between the two parts of moving locomotive. Some are going round and round and some are coming back as often as they go around. As these parts alone, and the engine would seem to be making a mighty fuss about nothing. But, all the while the pistons and things are fussing and fobbing, the locomotive, as a whole, is sweeping tornado-like towards its terminal. And the more the steam sputters and the harder the wheels grind and the livelier the little fire back who forth, the faster she's going and the sooner she'll get there!

THE FARMER.

BLOCK ISLAND.

Pequot Hotel Renamed—Rite of Baptism—Gift to Dr. Roberts on Tenth Anniversary.

There was a supper and dance in Masonic hall Saturday evening.

Mrs. J. R. Barber left Saturday for Baltimore, Md., where she will make a short stay.

Elmer Day has gone to Providence, R. I., for several days.

Waukegan is the name now on the old Pequot hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Rose have returned from the south.

Lester Dodge of Providence is visiting his mother, Mrs. Uriah Dodge.

At the First Baptist church Sunday, in the presence of a large gathering, the pastor, Horace A. Roberts, D. D., baptized two candidates, Mrs. Basha Littlefield and Laura Milliken. Averil F. Sparks, formerly of Boston, was received into the church by letter.

Gift to Pastor on Anniversary.

As Dr. Roberts was about to commence the service Sunday morning, Deacon John Mott presented him an envelope containing a sufficient sum of money to defray his expenses to the national Baptist convention being held in Chicago. This being subscribed by his friends as a token of their appreciation of his services on this, the

tenth anniversary of his pastorate here.

Swedish Girl Breaks Evening School Records.

From an immigrant girl who did not understand one word of English to class poet of the graduating class of her school, all accomplished in nine months, is the record of Miss Ingeborg M. Peterson, a strikingly handsome little girl of back who forth, her father's going and the sooner she'll get there!

THE FARMER.

The police force of London arrested last year more than 100,000 persons.

thing in its place; and, when cleaning, clean one thing at a time; have a good lot of food cooked, so there will be nothing but potatoes and meat to cook while one is doing the work; and begin in the attic and clean up and settle that, and then take another room and work down, cleaning and settling each room, one at a time, and leave the kitchen until the last, and by so doing there will be no fuss and everything and everybody will not be stirred up and cross and tired out. Let the little ones help by carrying out small things and dusting, and tell them how smart they are and what fine men and women they will make. Let the boys have as nice and pleasant a room as the girls and teach them to keep their rooms neat; and it is also a good plan to teach them to cook and do housework.

C. V.

How to Be Happy Though Working.

Editor Social Corner: It seems queer that people will maintain an opposing mind—will have the don't-want-to's. From a knowledge of people I do not believe the hookworm has much to do with it. To learn how to hustle and when to rest, and by so doing there will be no fuss and everything and everybody will not be stirred up and cross and tired out. Let the little ones help by carrying out small things and dusting, and tell them how smart they are and what fine men and women they will make. Let the boys have as nice and pleasant a room as the girls and teach them to keep their rooms neat; and it is also a good plan to teach them to cook and do housework.

Norwich.

Home is the Place to Show Good Qualities.

Editor Social Corner: What do you think about the men who are crabbed at home and mostly pleasant elsewhere? Is home the place for a husband to show his cynical and dyspeptic qualities?

Jane.

Norwich.

(Home is the place for husband and wife to show out the best that is in them. Patience and love should dwell therein; and if they do, all is usually well. When men or women are tried they are most likely to be out of their minds and many a thing is said then in haste to be repented at leisure. The fault-finding habit is a bad habit; and it some people spend half their time in charitable consideration of their wrongs, things would go better. It takes only one to be mean, but two to start a squabble, and usually when there is turmoil in the house two are engaged in it. Men who are mean at home and pleasant elsewhere do not deserve to have a home.—Editor Social Corner.)

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